Vol 4 Issue 07 July 2024

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Elk Grove Writers Guild Writers Helping Writers

WELCOME!



The Elk Grove Writers Guild is committed to helping writers grow and improve their craft. This newsletter is just one way we achieve that goal.

Here, you'll find a wealth of information on upcoming events, classes, and Guild news. We also offer items of writing wisdom, poetry, memories, writing tips, and updates on the latest happenings in the writing world.

We're always looking for new contributions to the newsletter and welcome your submissions. Whether you have news of your group's events, book launch announcements, writing tips, recent successes or publications, or reports of events you've attended, we want to hear from you.

See the back page for submission information.

EGWG Contact Information

Guild Name

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Newsletter & Submissions

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What's Happening?

What's next for the Elk Grove Writers Guild? The event team has a date for the event on November 2, 2024.

See the flyer or check the President's Column for more information.

"As a writer, you should not judge, you should understand."

Ernest Hemingway

Elk Grove Writers Guild Meetings are on the first Friday of each month from 12:30 – to 2:30.

We gather as a Writer's Circle to talk in the language of writers, sharing what and how we're doing. Topics vary as questions and problems are discussed or as the latest information in the writing and publishing world is brought up.

Guild members can post their WIP on Google Docs and share it with other members for critiques. It's an excellent way to receive input and other writers' valuable insight into the work presented.

If you're interested in joining the Guild, go to www.egweg.org, click Join, fill out the membership application, and send in your dues.

If you'd prefer to visit first, come to the next meeting at Round Table Pizza, 10054 Bruceville Road, in Elk Grove. Meetings are from 12:30 to 2:30.

The following meetings are on July 5 and Aug. 2, 2024 **Contact** <u>loyholder77@gmail.com</u> for answers to any meeting or Guild questions.

GROUPS & EVENTS

<u>CWC's</u> Meetings are on the first Friday, 9-11 am, at CH Café, 6215 Sunrise Blvd, and on the third Saturday,1-3 pm, at the Arcade Library. For information on current meetings or events, go to <u>California Writers Club</u>, <u>Sacramento branch</u>.

NCPA monthly meetings are on the second Sunday from 4 pm to 6:30 pm. The meeting usually features a speaker on various writing subjects.

Their new location is Flaming Grill Café, 2380 Watt Ave., inside Country Club Plaza. The link for current information:

https://www.norcalpa.org

California Writers Club (CWC) (San Joaquin Valley Writers Branch)

Monthly Speaker Meetings, 2nd Saturday of each month \sim 12 noon - 2:30 p.m.

Check the link below for venue information.

https://www.sjvalleywriters.org

Capitol Crimes

Meetings are on the third Saturday of the month from 1-3 p.m. For info, go to https://capitolcrimes.org/events

The Gold Country Writers

GCW has an active calendar. For information about their writers' events or directions, contact Margie Yee Webb at mywebb@sbcglobal.net or https://goldcounyrtwriters.com.

Black Women Write

Black Women Write meets on the 3rd Saturday of the month from 10 until noon. For information contact. BlackWomenWrite2020@gmail.com

The EGWG Bulletin Board

SPEAKERS and TEACHERS

The Guild is organizing events for 2024 and beyond. We are seeking innovative and engaging content from speakers and instructors across various writing disciplines. If you have a passion for sharing your expertise and would like to be a featured speaker at any upcoming Guild event, please get in touch with Loy Holder at loyholder 77@gmail.com

The June EGWG Meeting

The turnout for the meeting was great. The head of the event team gave us the date and place for the Guild's Fall Writing Seminar. The date is set, so mark November 2 on your calendar. The event will be held at the Holiday Inn Express & Suites near Interstate 5.

Loy was back and discussed ideas for other events in addition to next year's major fall seminar. Several topics popped up, so it will be interesting to see what happens.

During the work-in-progress time, Betsy said, "I'm making progress," and that became The Word everyone used. From what was said, everyone was making progress and keeping busy. Barbara B. made us laugh as she spoke about her hospital stay and the patient from hell in the other bed. It was great to see and laugh with her.

The major subjects of discussion were the publishers Amazon and Bookbub, getting books in libraries, and the use of IBSN numbers.

Would you like the opportunity to borrow a book on writing or get the transcript for a certain writing subject? On the Guild website, under the Resources menu, you will find links to courses on many aspects of writing, an archive of our monthly newsletter, and a

calendar of writing events in northern California. The website also lists our extensive library of books on writing and contains instructions on borrowing them. Make the most of your membership and check it out!

Hope to see you at the next meeting.

Rare or Seldom Used Words

Ubiety. Location; position; state of being in a certain space.

Antinomy. The paradox where two contradictory principles are both correct.

Causerie. A piece of writing in a conversational tone.

Aphesis. Loss of an unaccented vowel at the beginning of a word.

Apocope. The cutting off of one or more letters at the end of a word.

Anaphora. The deliberate repetition of a word or successive clauses.

T-Shirt Truths

- 1. It's a beautiful day for writing.
- 2. Keep talking. I'm taking notes for my next book.
- 3. I'm not quiet. I'm plotting.
- 4. Be nice to me, I'm a writer.
- 5. Just a guy/gal who likes to write.

"Writing books is the closest men come to childbearing."

Norman Mailer



EGWG President's Column

Hello dear friends, Happy Summer.

The Elk Grove Writers Guild is excited to announce our upcoming fall event on November 2, 2024. Jackie Alcalde Marr from Evolutions Consulting will speak and present a fresh approach to character development.

Stay tuned for more information in mid-July on the registration date and class details.

We also want to thank our membership for another year of successful renewals and support.

Our members are the wind beneath the Guild's sails.

For questions, email me at,

loyholder77@gmail.com.

Loy Holder, EGWG President

"Not a wasted word. This has been a main point to my literary thinking all my life."

Hunter S. Thompson



From the Bookshelf

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

By Elaine Faber

The clanging church bells, crashing thunder, and flash of lightning assailed my senses. Adrenaline surged through my chest like an electric current. Lightning lit the sky behind the church steeples across the street. Crashing thunder momentarily drowned out the clanging church bells.

Terror gripped my heart. Was I caught in a time warp of nature's fury, transporting me to another place; magical, ethereal, and terrifying? How odd that I should feel such fear. *Stay calm. It's just a sudden summer storm.* I stood transfixed in wonder as the elements crashed around me.

A torrent of water rushed down the cobbled stones, filling the gutters, threatening to flow onto my feet. Were the bells warning of some disaster? Have they declared war? Did someone assassinate the President? Does Austria even have a President?

I huddled beneath the narrow-striped canopy of the clock shop in the little Austrian town of Hopfgarten. Cold spines of stinging rain drove against my face. Lightning flashed and I jumped at the next clap of thunder. The awning was pitifully inadequate, and rain dripped from my hair onto my raincoat. Rain bounced off the pavement, forcing me closer to the wall.

And then a man stopped beneath the awning where I shivered. "May I offer the shelter of my umbrella?" He tilted his umbrella, protecting me from the storm.

"Thank you, how kind." His presence soothed my fears, and my pattering heart slowed.

We stood side by side beneath the canopy, watching the ribbons of lightning zigzag across the afternoon sky.

"The storm came up so quickly, it caught me quite unawares." I dabbed my face with a handkerchief and tilted my head toward the sound of the church bells.

"Sudden storms are not unexpected this time of year."

"Why are they ringing the bells?" I tucked the hankie in my pocket. "Has something happened? Is there an emergency?" I gestured toward the

deluge of water flowing down the cobbled stones, looking as though a river had overflowed its banks.

"They ring the bells to frighten the storm clouds toward another village."

I struggled to suppress a smile, doubting the ability of the bells to drive away the clouds but pleasantly moved by his quaint belief in their magical power. "If that's what you believe, I'm sorry to say, it's not working. It's been raining for twenty minutes."

"Oh, it's working fine." His smile lit up his face. "But the next village also rings their bells, and the storm clouds are confused. They hear the other village bells, so they drift back here again. From village to village, they drift. Soon they will find a quiet place where they can rest."

We stood beneath the awning watching the rain and laughed, exchanging small bits of idle conversation. On the hillside above us, my pension looked down on the train winding through the valley and into the town. Cows dotted the nearby fields. The cow's bells tinkled as they ambled across the meadows; the sound echoing from valley to hillside.

I stood so close to the stranger and was warmed by the scent of him.

A whistle shrieked, and he turned toward the train station. "I'm sorry, I must go. My train is coming. Perhaps you should seek better shelter?"

I nodded. "I'll go into a shop as soon as the rain lets up a bit. Thank you again for sharing your umbrella."

He caught up my hand and raised it to his lips. "It's been a pleasure. I wish we had more time to..." His lips brushed my fingertips. "Good-bye."

I looked deep into his eyes and in that moment, it felt as though I whirled through chasms of time and space. In that instant, surrounded by light and the music of the bells, I felt as though he and I had shared a lifetime together, infinite days and endless nights of love and hope. It was as if I heard the blare of 100 marching bands, saw the night sky explode in a cacophony of fireworks, felt the coolness of a 1000 springtime rains, the pink glow of 10,000 morning dawns, and a myriad of red and golden sunsets...

In those few seconds, it seemed we shared a lifetime together. I shook my head, knowing it was a fantasy brought on by the magic of the bells and the storm.

He released my hand, waved a final farewell, and strolled toward the train. As he disappeared into the station, the blare of marching bands became the train's warning bell of departure, and then silence. The music in my head became...a sparrow in a nearby tree.

The rain stopped. The sun came out and cast sparkling rainbows through the dewdrops dripping from the shrubs. I touched the place where he had stood, and I felt his nearness melt through my fingertips. "Wait! I don't even know your name." I ran toward the station, "Wait!" The whistle blew, and the train clacked down the track. The magic spell was broken.

Years have passed. I've had a good life, all that one could hope for. Marriage—a satisfactory career—and children. But, even now, when I hear the clang of church bells, I stop to listen, and I have to smile.

Even now, the bells have the power to drive the storm clouds from my soul. I think about a summer storm in a faraway land. I close my eyes and relive the moments I shared an umbrella with a stranger. Had we experienced a crack in time and space? In that instant, did we share a lifetime of love and laughter? Or was it only a fantasy that lasted for a second?

The church bells chime again, and I think of that day when church bells echoed from one mountaintop to another, as the storm clouds scrambled from village to village in search of a silent, peaceful place. Finally in their frantic search, they drifted onto a quiet hillside where the only sound was the

tinkling of cows' bells as they ambled through the meadows and disappeared into the mist.

Elaine Faber

Aphorism: A short, pointed sentence that expresses a wise or clever observation of a truth.

- 1. Why does it take so little time for a child who is afraid of the dark to become a teenager who wants to stay out all night?
- 2. Business conventions are important because they demonstrate how many people a company can operate without.
- 3. Why is it that at class reunions, you feel younger than everyone looks?

PSWA Conference 2024

Orleans Hotel, Las Vegas, NV (rooms discounted)
July 11 through July 14, 2024
Cost: \$275 (hotel not included)
For information and registration, go to the website below.

Policewriter.com/2024-pswa-conference

The Public Safety Writers Association is a lively, intimate association that exists to support people involved in writing about public safety.



Poetry Corner

EMOTIONS

Barbara A. Barrett

Anger, fear, guilt and sorrow
Here you are once more.
Yesterday, today, tomorrow
Just like a household chore.
Everyday there's more dishes
And the skies pour out dust.
They're here despite my wishes
And much to my disgust.
My emotions come and go a lot
So I really must point out
If stain removers clean a spot,
Why can't feelings leave with Shout?

Barbara A. Barrett

"Many people have a book in them, but it takes a special kind of freak to leave the Land of Laziness, cross the Plain of Procrastination and Insecurity, find the Blade of No One Made You Do This, and use it to cut your chest and yank that book out."

Gabino Iglesias

Thanks, PJ, for the great quote. Does anyone else have a favorite quote? Send them to elkgrovepenny@gmail.com

EGWG Newsletter -Back Page

Something to consider.

"If it sounds like writing, I rewrite it. Or if proper usage gets in the way. It may have to go. I can't allow what we learned in English composition to disrupt the sound and rhythm of the narrative."

Elmore Leonard



YUM!

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

POETRY

RECENT PUBLICATIONS COMING EVENTS

SHORT STORIES

FLYERS (Not in PDF)

WRITING OPPORTUNITIES.

Please send your submission by the 15th of the month for the next issue or contact Penny Clark, for later submissions.

Take advantage of the free advertising!

Send <u>Submissions</u> to turlockpenny@yahoo.com.

Please: <u>Use Garamond-14</u> for submissions. Send in word document(docx) <u>NOT PDF or JPEG</u>. Thanks

July 2024

- July 4- Independence Day
- July 21- National Ice Cream Day
- July 26- Summer Olympics
- July 28- World Grandparents Day
- July 28- World Elderly Day

More Writing Prompts

- a. Write a funny list of what you are not going to do for the rest of 2024.
- b. What happened on the best day of your life?.
- c. What is your philosophy of life?
- d. What is it about a person that makes you like them?

Keep your pets safe from the heat!



See you next month!

Continue for Calendar and Flyers



If you have flyers for your events that you'd like to see on the flyer page, send them <u>directly</u> to Penny Clark at <u>turlockpenny@yahoo.com</u>. If they're in PDF or JPEG I will try to copy them, but I may email you if there's a problem.

Flyers Below:

1. EGWG Fall Writing Seminar



Saturday, November 2, 2024

12:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Holiday Inn Express and Suites Elk Grove Central, Hwy 99

Registration details coming soon!

This project is being supported, in whole or in part, by federal SLFRP0166 awarded to Elk Grove Writers Guild, Inc. by the U.S. Department of the Treasury.